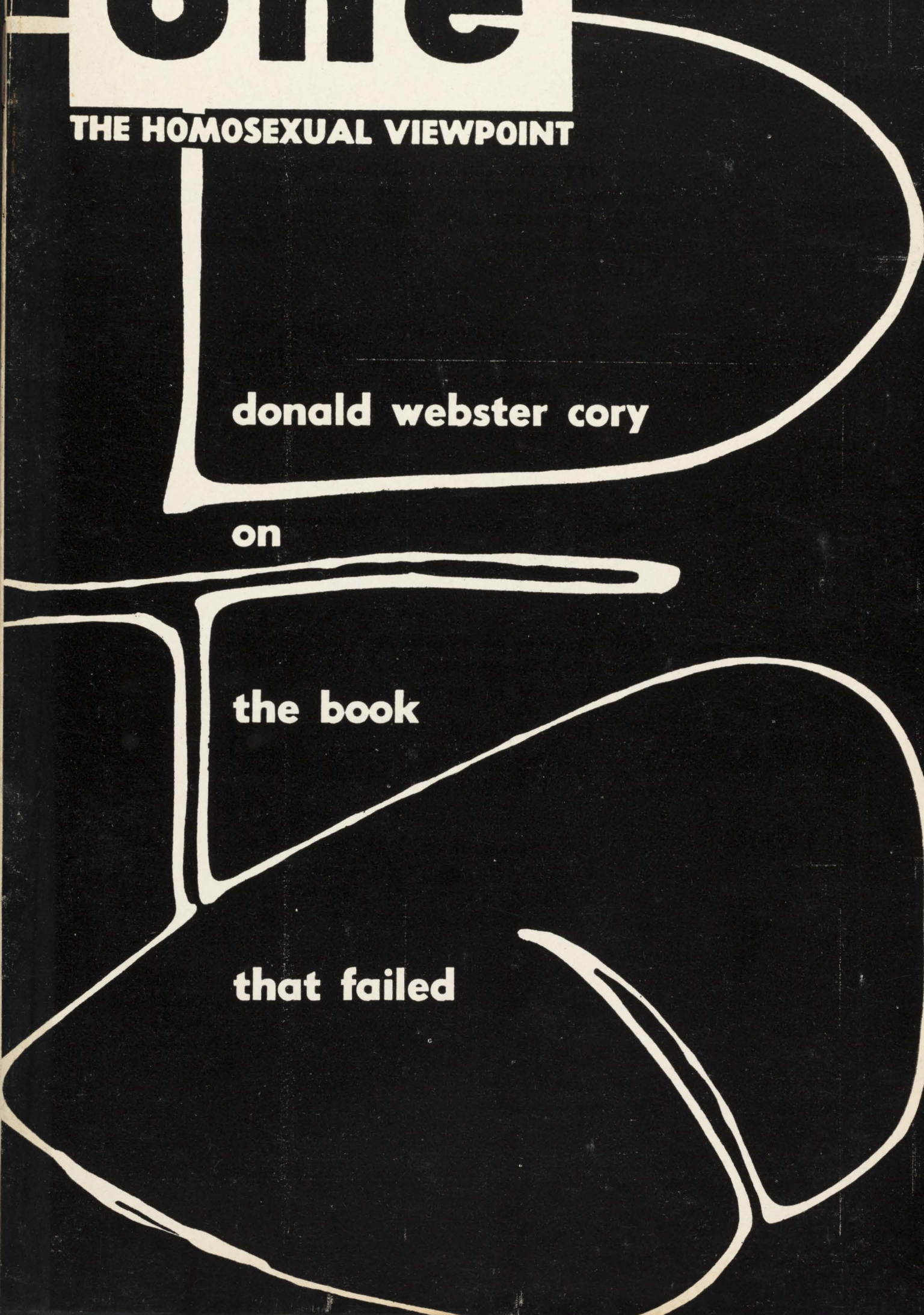




one

AUGUST 1962

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

donald webster cory

on

the book

that failed

one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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one

one

"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume X

Number 8

August 1962

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EDITORIAL



The homosexual is very likely to welcome any opinions concerning homosexuality and homosexual acts. We assume that any word on the subject regardless of merit is perhaps preferable to the silent treatment so long accorded our way of life.

However, this eager acceptance of practically every comment in the face of the current rash of irresponsible reporting needs to be brought under control. It is time to discriminate between the good and the bad. The homosexual subject is no longer starved for attention. There are annually many worthwhile contributions by investigators who try to be objective and scientific. One or two have even avoided prejudging the issues they have set about investigating.

But by far the vast majority of opinions that reach the general public are not backed by facts and evidence, still less by anything approaching scientific proof. They are instead often characterized by exaggerated claims and would appear to be designed merely to exploit the growing interest in the subject.

Now we can understand the heterosexual public's being taken in by the work of these persons but not the homosexual. And it is particularly distressing when we observe some of the homosexual organizations honoring these persons and their opinions. Since someone must judge the material and weigh its value, the job seems to fall squarely upon the homosexual. ONE as a matter of course, has always tried to evaluate carefully, considerately and with forethought. We urge our readers to do the same. Let's not be too quick to praise every crumb thrown our way.

To the homosexual, it is no longer enough that our subject be merely discussed. The exploiters must be weeded out — at least faced squarely and attacked. ONE, at least, will continue this policy even though the way may be unpopular.

Don Slater, *Editor*

donald
webster

cory

&

john leroy

on

THE BOOK THAT FAILED

When a person with perfectly normal vision looks at the world through a pair of spectacles designed for one with acute nearsightedness and astigmatism, clearly defined objects are transformed into grotesquely distorted blobs and a severe headache is the result if the glasses are held in place too long. R. E. L. Master's book, *The Homosexual Revolution*, depicts the homosexual movement in a manner similar to that of a view of reality as seen through a pair of glasses prescribed for someone else. To counterbalance one's impairment of visual perception, properly fitted spectacles are a necessity. *The Homosexual Revolution* can be prescribed for no one except knowledgeable experts who wish to further acquaint themselves with the distortions of a shoddy exposé. Because homosexuality has for so long been enshrouded in silence, this book is dangerous for the unknowledgeable. Its approach is shabby; the author shows patent ignorance, incompetence, and serves a few morsels of truth, heaps of useless speculation, distortions, hearsay, and half-

baked ideas based on inadequate knowledge that cannot begin to approach what may honestly be called research.

The front cover carries a blurb which reads, "A challenging exposé of the social and political direction of a minority group." Whether or not organized homosexual groups have any clearcut political or social direction is, at best, dubious. During the past ten years, a number of organizations have been set up to ameliorate the social, societal, and economic conditions of people whose sexual practices are at variance with those recognized by our present society. One, Inc., The Mattachine Society and its various former area councils, and The Daughters of Bilitis do have definite aims, but Masters assumes that the aims of these organizations are the aims of all homosexuals and, by innuendo, suggests that these are political, subversive, undefined, and hence dangerous to our society. Let us examine this curious thesis.

The first chapter is concerned with a favorite guessing game. How many

homosexuals are there in this country? Who is best qualified to give us the "authoritative answer"? The answer to the former question is: anywhere from 4 million to 15 million, perhaps more, depending on how one defines the term homosexual. Masters contributes nothings to our understanding of this question. Instead, he paraphrases others, with credit or entirely without it. In discussing the incidence of homosexuality, the numbers game is used to stir up fear of a pressure group that doesn't exist. This helps set the stage for a mythical revolt. As a wild guess, Masters finds a world population of 50 to 100 million inverts who are presumably going to overthrow Western civilization in order to start their own fairyland.

The book continues by providing some superficial historical information about homosexuality and homosexual organizations of the past, and it introduces us to a character called Ronnie, whom the author cites as a typical exemplar of the homosexual revolutionary. Ronnie is articulate, lean, awkward, intelligent, and is one of the author's main sources of information about the homophile movement. We have our doubts as to whether Ronnie really exists or is an amalgam of several people. Masters displays throughout the book a predilection for fictional creativity. In any case, Ronnie is a subscriber to several publications of the homophile organizations and an ardent sympathizer, but his actual participation in the work of these organizations is nil. Thus, Masters lets us know that he is gathering information from second-hand sources, from hearsay, from an unidentified individual whose competence is questionable and whose existence is doubtful. We are reminded all through the book, as will become apparent, of the late Senator McCarthy's nefarious techniques for "protecting the country."

Following is a very brief survey of

a few historical cults whose members may have been homosexual. The Knights Templar, who were supposed to have protected the pilgrims in the Holy Land during the Middle Ages, were charged with having been homosexual, but Masters hastens to add that such a charge and the prosecution of it was so complicated that there isn't space to go into it, but surmises that it must have been valid. Other organizations and cults are mentioned, but again, we are never told for certain very much about them because the author admits that he doesn't know, or tells us how difficult it is to determine anything important about them regarding the incidence of homosexuality involved. As an historian, Masters is both sketchy and unable to place any of these movements in their historical context.

The bankruptcy of concrete material is disclosed when he gets to the contemporary scene. He has ostensibly read a few European homosexual periodicals, but has virtually nothing to say about the organizations themselves, except for the I.C.S.E. (International Committee for Sexual Equality), of which he writes that "getting definite information about the I.C.S.E. is like attempting to steal plans for the H-bomb."

As many followers of the homophile movement know, the I.C.S.E. has never been anything more than a very weak liaison group set up to coordinate the various activities of the organizations from different countries. There were a few conferences, a small but unimportant newsletter, and some friendly correspondence in the spirit of those with similar problems and interests who wished to maintain contact with each other. It has never been of any real importance in this country and if it still exists, only a sick and paranoid mind or one trying to foment non-existent dangers could contend that this innocuous organization is "regarded as a myster-

ious and potent force, determining to an unknown extent the policies and actions of homosexual groups and through them the ideas and aspirations of millions of homosexuals in much of the West."

Masters, not knowing, proceeds to wonder whether or not the I.C.S.E. is mysteriously infiltrating the fashion industry, defeminizing Western women, or removing illegal homosexuality from statute books. He could, of course, have bothered to find out, but why be annoyed with such irritating things as facts when it is so much more fun and a good deal easier to make up whatever stories come to mind? After all, making phone calls takes time and money; writing letters is also time-consuming and costs postage; and talking to the people who are actually involved might be dangerous, especially with all those perverts around. Besides, the fact that the organization is virtually impotent, if it exists at all, would spoil everything, for then it would be impossible to create a shocking exposé. Let us, instead give allegations, raise questions and consider their most fantastic implications without answering them, and throw in some hearsay from somebody who is not even a member, just to make it look authentic. By these methods, it is possible to cook up whatever stories one wishes, no matter how preposterous, about the I.C.S.E. and other European organizations.

Getting the truth is really not that difficult, and even if it were, it would be far better not to make any mention of anything which one is not ready to back up with concrete facts. This may be less glamorous, but is far more believable.

Masters then introduces us to Harvey, a conservative homosexual, who seems to be the author's main source of information about the American homophile movement. Being "conservative," he likes the Matta-

chine publications best of all, but has never been a participant in the Society or even a significant contributor. He is an interesting example of how dangerous it can be to use such a person as a source of information or even as a typical conservative homosexual, whatever that may mean. Aside from having "committed passive sodomy on the floor of a men's room at the railroad station at three o'clock in the morning," and being "detached from reality to an extent not covered by the phrase 'mildly eccentric,'" this is a person, real or imagined, on whom the author relies for his information in a large section of the book!

The Mattachine Society, One, Inc., and The Daughters of Bilitis are dealt with in the next few chapters. The break-up of the national organization of the Mattachine Society is mentioned, telling us how it stunned the homophile world and then adding how difficult it is to gauge what is happening within the organization and how hard it is to predict the future of Mattachine. All that Masters needed to do was to send fifteen dollars (\$15.00) in check or money order to Mattachine's national office at 693 Mission Street in San Francisco. Not only would he have become a token member, but he would have received a quarterly newsletter called *Interim*, which is expressly designed to relate everything of interest that has been happening within the organization, complete with membership reports, recent happenings, and financial statements. He would have been able to acquaint himself with some of the important issues involved, which ultimately led to the dissolution of the local area councils.

Prior to the severing of the chapters from the national office, each chapter published a newsletter giving complete coverage about its activities. It seems evident that Mr. Masters either never heard of these newsletters and publications or did not

bother to receive them. No mention is made of the discussion groups where homosexuals could talk out their problems among themselves, or of the public lectures in which numerous experts in the fields of psychology, law, religion, politics, sociology, anthropology, literature, and art have spoken, thereby spreading free and open discussion of all aspects of homosexuality. The only comment Masters feels that he can make is that "meetings of Mattachine groups have been observed, raided, or otherwise harassed by the local police," fully ignoring the overwhelming majority of meetings which have not had the least bit of disturbance from any law enforcement officials whatsoever, including national conventions which have taken place in such first-rate hotels as the Barbizon Plaza in New York and the Albany Hotel in Denver.

Although a passing sentence is made about the Mattachine Society's contributions to scientific research, nothing further is mentioned about those contributions. "The work has not been publicized," complains Masters. Yet, all the significant research in which Mattachine has lent assistance has been written up, with due credit having been given to the Society, in the appropriate scientific journals. These include a study made by Brenda Dickey of Colorado University on the self-image of the homosexual in which members and friends of the Denver Chapter participated; a study on the relationship between alcoholism and homosexuality made by Dr. Solomon Machover at Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., with the aid of the New York Area Council; and an inquiry by means of projective techniques and a panel of judges on the adjustment of the male overt homosexual made by Dr. Evelyn Hooker of U.C.L.A. with the participation of the now defunct Los Angeles Chapter. It might have

helped if Masters had bothered to read the scientific journals. In sum, Masters' treatment of the Mattachine Society is about on the same level as that of *Confidential* and other scandal magazines. By comparison, Jess Stearn's treatment of the Society in his superficial book about the spread of homosexuality, *The Sixth Man*, seems like it deserves an international prize simply because, as a reporter, Mr. Stearn dug up some of the facts and other relevant information.

The following chapter dealing with *One, Inc.*, shows us that Masters has glanced through the magazines, but seems to know little else about the organization, except that he pompously announces that it is highly radical and unrealistic in its goals—a curious announcement from one who has given us so few real facts, and whose main informants seem to be so "detached from reality." He then proceeds to have himself a good time making fun of *One*, apparently on the basis of a single issue of the magazine. Here, Masters uses a technique known as selective distortion in which excesses and failures are presented as typical, while the virtues and merits of an organization are virtually ignored in their totality. In this manner, one can annihilate democracy, Christianity and whatever else one wishes.

After a brief visit with Tata, a lesbian with whom the author claims to have some acquaintance, and who turns out to be quite likable (if she represents a real person), *The Daughters of Bilitis* gets the same kind of treatment that befell *One* and *Mattachine*. Again, Masters refers to a few back issues of *The Ladder*, but gives it a kindlier treatment than that which befell *One*. There are comments about the chatty, folksy character of the magazine, and the fact of its value to distressed souls, who, upon reading it, may derive comfort in the knowledge that there

are organized groups with publications catering to them. After going into some of the feather-ruffling criticism leveled at the Daughters of Bilitis by Ann Aldrich, author of *We Walk Alone*, and *We, Too, Must Love, Masters* makes his admiration for Miss Aldrich known in her dispute with the D.O.B. If he had read her works, which his inadequate bibliography lists, he might have seen that *We Walk Alone* contains ideas, concepts, factual material, and analyses not only lifted bodily from *The Homosexual in America*, but that she took entire paragraphs verbatim, changing *he* to *she* without stopping to alter a comma or a semi-colon!

No matter what differences may exist among the organized homosexual groups, they are united in affirming the right of anyone to be homosexual and to live his or her life in accordance with his or her sexuality, provided that no crimes are committed against person or property and the ordinary proprieties of public decency are observed. So long as homosexuals do not permit their sexual pursuits to hinder their fulfilling the requirements of maintaining good citizenship and being good employees, there is no good reason for denying them equal rights with those of the heterosexual, including military service and government employment. Other considerations about the attitudes of heterosexuals toward granting these rights are irrelevant; it is a problem for them to reconsider their thinking regarding their homosexual brethren in the light of rational humanistic terms.

After expressing confusion over the various theories of the etiology and cure of homosexuality, and being unable to form any definite conclusions regarding the merits of any of them, Masters states the homosexual's case as if he knew for certain the views of a sufficiently representative sample of them regarding their condi-

tion. He ignores the fact that many homosexuals have become so adjusted to their status in society that social or legal change would make them uncomfortable. In assessing the future, he reveals his bias toward heterosexuality as a superior way of life probably because he is heterosexual and because he feels that "homosexuals are, however, not opposites who complement and fulfill one another." Nobody says they are, but it is a sexological error to say that male and female are opposites. They are different, and these differences can be either complementary and fulfilling or repulsive and frustrating, depending on the nature of the individuals and circumstances.

One of the techniques used by Masters is a subtle and hence invidious form of argumentum ad hominem. He ridicules people by the liberal use of adjectives that are totally irrelevant, but that suggest a nefarious characterization. Thus, he refers to Harold Call as "editor of *Mattachine Review* and one of the University of Missouri's more unique contributions to American journalism." We should certainly like to discover the product of that worthy journalism school that is not unique. If the author's technique were to be used by a reviewer of this work, he would refer to Mr. Masters as a self-styled writer who has given us alleged research in the form of what purports to be a book.

In the April, 1962 issue of the *Mattachine Review*, Masters wrote a special article commenting on his book and other projects. In it he says "This book was not—should you be interested in such behind-the-scenes details—one that I ever intended to write I decided to write *The Homosexual Revolution* taking time off from what, to me, is more challenging work I have tried to avoid easy generalizations about the incidence or any other aspects of sexual inversion—even when those

generalizations seemed to be solidly based on the evidence of my own senses." Since when does one offer a serious book as having been hastily slopped together during time off from other tasks? And how can an author claim to have avoided generalizations when in the book we get little else, most of them based on his own "senses" and on no other evidence?

But the worst is yet to come, and it came from the pen of Masters. The New York organization sent him a file of their publications, and received in reply the following letter:

"Having given the Newsletters a less than exhaustive but still fairly thorough going over, I can honestly say that I am very much impressed.

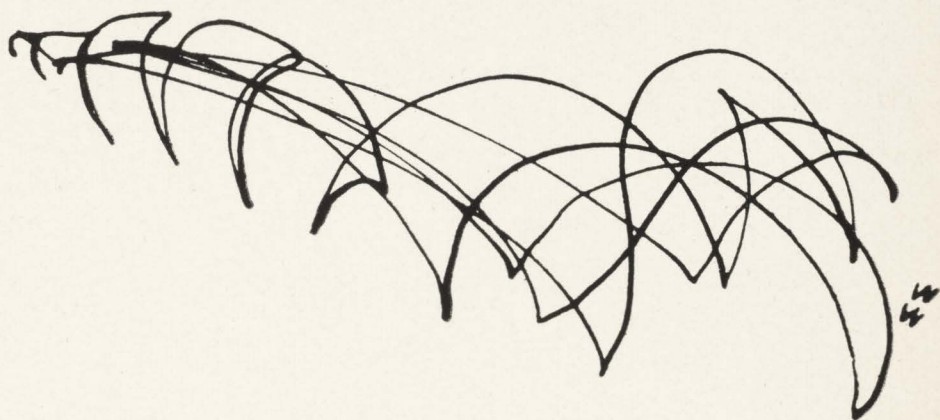
"Taken as a whole, they are an important contribution, and I can only lament that I failed to study all of them before writing my book. It would have been a better informed book had I done so."

If ever an author made a more open avowal of the inadequacy of his alleged research, of his utter ignorance of his subject matter and his in-

competence to handle it, this has failed to come to our attention.

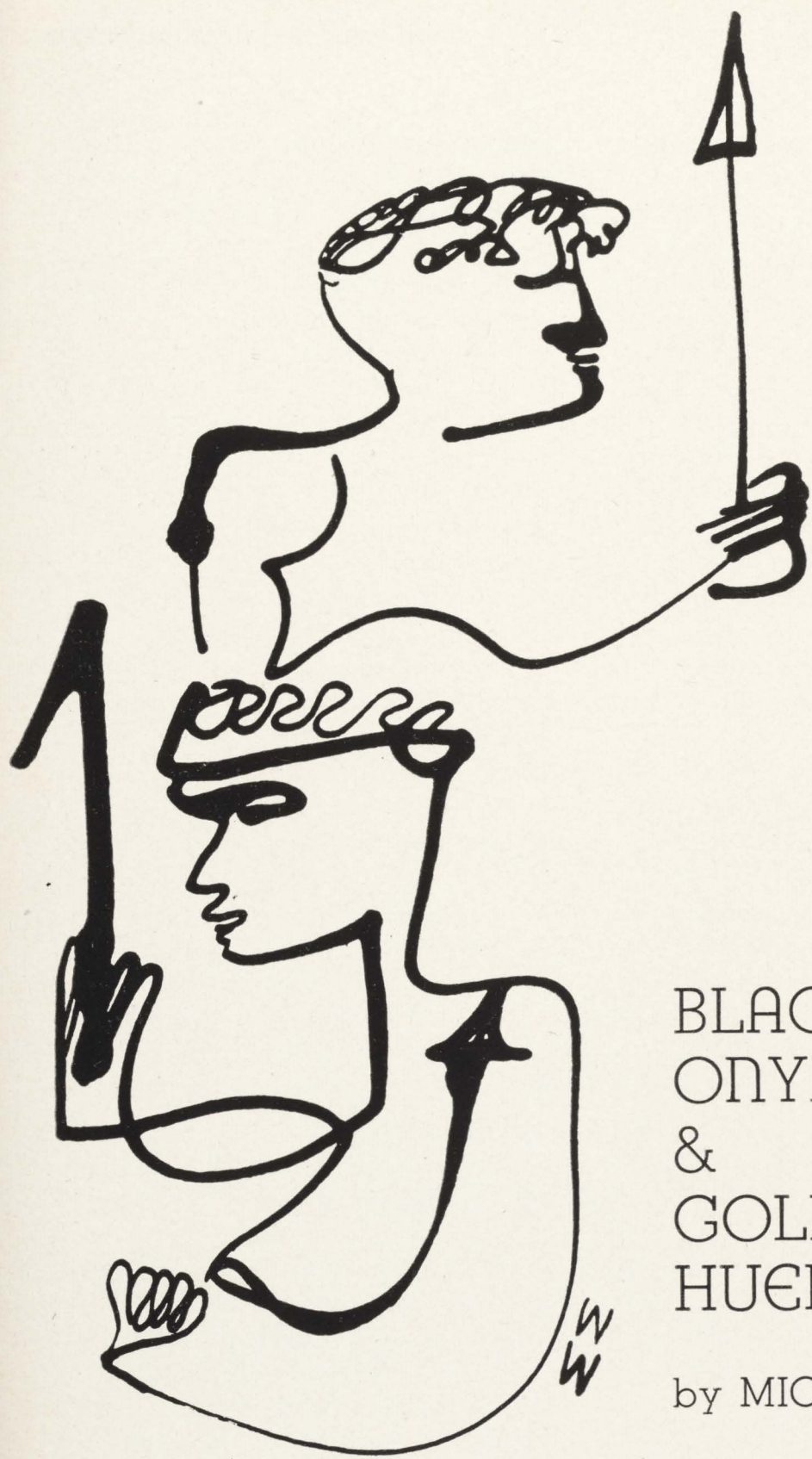
There is no denying that homosexuality will continue to be with us as it always has. It is much better to view it openly, let homosexuals live as human beings, and further our understanding of them. To the extent that homophile organizations accomplish these ends, they are worth while. The public should be aware of their existence, their influences, their weaknesses and their contributions. There is a vital need for clear plain facts, not incomplete information, absurd exaggeration, or outright lies. The purpose must be to inform, not to sensationalize. Because much of the knowledge of so emotionally loaded a topic as homosexuality is only beginning to be viewed in an undistorted dispassionate manner, the story of the attempts of homosexuals in this country and abroad to better their lot is an important one that needs to be told successfully. Masters' attempt, *The Homosexual Revolution*, is a revolution that doesn't exist. His work in this regard is a failure.

RETRIBUTION



I have enjoyed every pleasure to satiety
Now I am the victim of free-floating anxiety.

Leo McAlbert



BLACK
ONYX
&
GOLDEN
HUED

by MICHAEL FLEMMING

The dark youth was directed into the huge reception room. Already he was aware of his coarse hunting clothes, but his concern became more acute at seeing the handsome young Roman languidly idling in a gilded chair.

"You are Arius, Prince of Laodacia?" the Roman asked, looking up slowly from some state document.

"Yes, and you are the new governor, Martius Romanus," the youth replied, embarrassed at the noise his own voice made. "Should you make any attempt on my life, my people will avenge me."

"You're just like Callius said you'd be," the Roman commented.

"Did you know Callius? Did you meet him after they took him as a hostage to Rome?"

Gracefully, Martius slipped out of his chair, standing beside the prince. "I knew him very well. He taught me to ride, to hunt, to handle an arrow and a spear, all the proper things the young Roman should know, but is always far too lazy to learn."

"He taught me all those things, too, before he was taken to Rome. Is that why you have brought me here, to tell me Callius is returning?"

As Martius crossed the room to the terrace overlooking Mt. Tantellius, Arius watched amazed. All the other Roman nobles had seemed like pieces of soft pastry or bits of living wax, and although Martius' hair was bleached almost snow white from the sun, his body was like living gold. Beneath the soft blond skin, you could see the muscles as you see the muscles of a stretching tiger. It was as though the sun god Apollo had descended to earth.

"Only in part," the governor replied, turning again to the prince. "I had ordered him back, as a surprise to you" There was an instant pause. ". . . And your government, of course. But he died on shipboard before reaching Laodacia. My servants are delivering his final possessions to your home. The other matter is of far more importance. I want you to attend the Holy Council this afternoon."

"Why should I?" Arius countered. "I used to attend the meetings after my father's death, and they never accomplished a thing. Now they control the country entirely and are not about to hand over their powers to their prince."

"Still," Martius repeated firmly, putting his hand on the prince's shoulder as if directing a lost child, "I would like for you to attend this one. In disguise, of course. I thought perhaps as my personal entertainer, as I doubt if they'd recognize you then."

Arius looked straight into his deep blue almost purple, eyes. "I came here to hate you and to give you the minimum of co-operation," he answered, "and I do not know why I should trust you now, but I will go along with your scheme. But remember, I have a sharp dagger with me, which can slit Roman throats as easily as it skins Laodacian deer."

"Fine," Martius noted dryly, "but we must hurry for the priests are almost here."

Martius clapped his hands, and a group of household slaves appeared, already prepared for the transformation. They removed Arius' rough garments, covered his body with glistening oil and blew gold dust upon it. Small bits of cloth of gold and jewelled earrings completed what little there was of the costume itself. Golden mascara covered his eyelids and his lips, and gilded streaks were run into his hair. Even so, the strongly muscled body, so dark from exposure to mountain sun and wind, seemed even more powerful under this theatrical gilding, like a lion lunging in a filmy net.

"That is good," commented the governor, who meanwhile had put on his white robes of office and the great gilded state seal on a chain about his neck. "Here, join me on the divan."

"I still do not know why I am trusting you," Arius repeated, as he lay back on the soft cushions, his head on the governor's chest as he had seen the entertainers do when he had visited the Palace with his father. "We do not have Greek love here, you know."

"Yes, I know," Martius whispered. "Callius told me."

In the next few minutes, the priests of the Holy Council arrived. They were

so used to the corps of servants in the governor's household they did not even notice the gilded young man sharing the governor's couch. Only Hiachris, Lord of the Temple of Apollo, had commented on the new plaything to which Martius had replied fawningly about Laodacian boredom and had tousled Arius' hair as though he were a lap dog.

Soon the trend of the meeting became obvious. The priests were certain the government turned back to the hereditary prince would become one of deerslayers and lion tamers. How could Laodacia ever hope to develop under such circumstances, the priests asked each other. Would it not be far better to deny the government of Prince Arius and have the progressive Romans govern entirely? But the people, unfortunately, sided with their prince. The only road was to discredit the prince's followers and then take over as a regency. A plot to attack the Roman fortress, then blame it on Prince Arius quickly followed.

From time to time, particularly when his father or his followers were criticized by the priests, Arius would feel like springing up and killing as many of them as he could with his dagger. But each time, the firm smooth hand of Martius would touch him, appearing to the priests to be merely caressing the pretty slave boy, but actually acting as a rod of iron to hold back any foolish action on Arius' part.

Finally the meeting ended, with the promise of the entire Holy Council to meet in a cave near the Roman fortress the following afternoon and carry out their plan with the governor's co-operation in setting up the mock battle.

"Now you see what you must do, if you are to maintain your throne," Martius indicated, jumping up quickly as the last priest filed through the door.

"Yes, I understand, Arius answered. He reached for Martius' hand, to clasp it as Romans did to indicate a trust. Quickly the governor pulled his own away and virtually ran from the room, calling behind that the servants would care for him.

"If he wanted to trick me," Arius thought to himself as the slaves removed the glitter from his body and returned his own rough clothes, "he would have done it at the council meeting. But why should he want to help me? I guess I will have to trust him." As he exited from the palace, he thought he glimpsed the lithe young form looking down from the walls at him, and he remembered the strength of that controlling hand during the meeting. Only his father and Callius had ever guided him in that way. "I do trust him," he decided.

The following afternoon, his followers secreted themselves inside the cave at his command, although he gave them no reason for their action. There they overheard the treason of the priests, as Arius had heard it at the palace. While many were so angry they lusted for the priests' blood, Arius controlled them, told the Holy Council its duties were ended so they should concentrate on their temples. Shamed by the discovery of their treachery, they readily agreed to do so.

It was dusk as Arius rode into the Roman governor's palace. Martius had spent the afternoon throwing quoits, so now the sports equipment lay scattered on the floor. He was clothed only in an athlete's skirt, the golden oil still shimmering across his body. As Arius entered the room, he saw they were twins in everything but hue, he so dark and the Roman so fair. Arius recalled Callius' final letter, delivered with his belongings that morning, telling of the old teacher's love for his Roman pupil. Indeed, the last few lines were written at the height of his fever, confusing the two students completely as though Arius the Laodacian and Martius the Latin were but a single being. The advices of coming manhood which he offered seemed equally applicable to both of them.

"I have already received reports of your great success," Martius commented,

handing the jar of cooling oil to Arius, for he had ridden full rate all the distance to the city.

"Thank you," Arius commented humbly, fascinated by the glowing body before him and at the same time frightened to look at it.

"Now you can govern Laodacia as Callius intended," Martius continued, taking some fruit from the table and biting into it.

"No wait," Arius interrupted, "they were right. I have no education but the mountains. We have a fine city here and this could be a place of wealth to rival Rome itself if we could organize our affairs properly. What I am trying to say is that we need a condominium with Rome."

"You mean that you and I would govern together, like one person?" Martius asked. There was a period of silence. Then he answered slowly, not looking up from the marble paving, "No, I am not interested. I am going back to Rome."

How strange, Arius thought, that he said "to Rome" and not "home" as he had expected. Arius reached out and grabbed the Roman's wrist. Although the golden skin looked so soft and supple, he could feel the tension beneath it. That strength in that hand could guide the fastest quadriga at the race track, could toss quoits with unerring accuracy, could also write laws and sign decrees. But there was more. He sensed the perfumed oil shimmering on the sun-warmed body, the odor of crushed fruit on his lips, blond curls still damp from the pool. Slowly he eased his own hand inside the tense hand of the boy beside him.

"Yes, we would govern as one person," Arius echoed. The tension rose in the two clasped hands and their blood beat as one person. Arius tipped Martius' head with his other hand and saw that not all the sparkle on his cheeks came from the oil. At the same time, Arius was aware of the hot tears streaming down his own cheeks.

Thus began the Forty Golden Years, as Laodacian historians called that glorious period in their city's development from a forest outpost to the metropolis respected throughout the world and a little envied for its splendor and glory. When the co-rulers died during the great epidemic, their bodies were burned in a single pyre and the ashes taken to the top of Mt. Tantellius as they had directed. The art schools and the temples, the gymnasium where they had so often played together and the entire population of the city mourned their death. And where their funeral pyre had been, there appeared a single block of marble—half black onyx and half golden hued—to mark the spot.



INVITATION



Not only she can pull music from your strings,
Young lover.
My fingers are as nimble, if the tune I play is strange
I have coaxed a bacchanal from instruments
As varied
As the rhythm of the orgiastic chant I sing.
So let me play a rondelay that you have
Never heard,
And work upon emotions that you have never felt.
It would be a shame for you to go on
Living,
Loving, not the music, but the instrument itself.

Dorian Mode

tangents

news & views

by del mcintire

In Washington, D.C., a **Handbook for Careerists**, distributed to 25,000 school boys, which gives tips on how to get ahead in business, has caused many howls of protest from so called "he-man" fathers who take exception to the "official" advice. Sample offending suggestions are: Inquire about girdles for men. "This will help you keep that young, slim athletic look."

Dab perfume behind the ears—"Just a touch of mild fragrance."

Make-up with masculine cosmetics if you have the sort of face that needs it.

Angry fathers are demanding the calling-in of the book. Many have written to the president (although he may be taking the advice himself, such is his success).

Meanwhile the Washington education authorities, while admitting it might not present "too good an image of the American man," refuse to withdraw the handbook. In fact, the author, sociologist, Mrs. Ruth Bates, remains completely unperturbed. "Obviously," she said,

"these parents are not aware of the patterns of success in modern America."

Mrs. Bates, who has a son aged 11 (presumably following mother's advice), went on "In the executive class today men cannot get anywhere unless they pay a great deal of attention to personal grooming.

"That means wearing foundation garments if necessary, discreet toilet lotions and manicured nails.

"There is nothing sissy about it. The American man is not effeminate just because he uses cosmetic grooming aids to personal attractiveness.

"Why do so many Americans look young compared with Europeans of the same age? They work at it!

"Those trim, middle-aged American executives who look so young and vital and are envied in Europe, are probably wearing foundation garments."

Youthful good looks has always been the weakness of the homosexual male, Mrs. Bates.

QUEEN'S REALM

George Jamieson appeared to be a normal boy to his mother and school mates. Mrs. Ada Jamieson brought her son up as a boy and loved him as a boy in a household of six children—two girls and three boys besides "Georgie."

His mother recalls that "Georgie even had girl friends like other boys; but he was never rough and ready like the others. The family lived in a rough district of Liverpool. Yet Georgie was not robust. He was always spotlessly clean.

"When he left school he joined the Merchant Navy like his father and his brothers."

His first voyage was his last, however. "Something happened to him aboard ship. He was invalided out in America and left behind in California. He came back to England on another ship as a passenger.

"We never heard the full story of what happened. He never talked about it."

What had happened was that Georgie Jamieson for 27 years had never thought of himself as a boy but rather as a girl: "I realised all my ideas and thoughts were a woman's." So George saved his money until he had more than £2,000 for an operation which would physically make him into a woman. That was in 1960. She then changed her name to April Ashley and worked in a Paris night club for awhile.

So successful was the change both mentally and physically that Miss Ashley was able to become a fashion model. Said she at the height of her modelling career: "I am a woman. All my emotions are womanly. I even think of getting married, the change in me has been so complete.

"The only regret in my new life is that I can never have children.

But then, many women have been in that position, and I could adopt children as they have done."

April Ashley's wish may come true. In November, 1960, she met Mr. Arthur Corbett, son and heir of former Chief Scout Lord Rowallan, the Governor of Tasmania. Mr. Corbett, who is the owner of the night club, Jacaranda, in Spain, has said that he hopes to marry April. The only trouble is that Mr. Corbett is already married and has four children—a son, John, now aged 15, who is at Eton, Sarah 13, Anne, and Rosalind 4. But in March of this year Mrs. Corbett was granted a decree on the grounds of his adultery. Shortly thereafter, Lord Rowallan, his father, let it be known that he disapproved of his son's actions. So has the London press.

But Arthur Corbett is philosophical: "I have left most of my private fortune to my children—my wife has their custody—and I hope that my father will respect my wishes and leave whatever inheritance would be mine to my son instead.

"I think April is a very wonderful person and I hope that in due course my family and closest friends back in London will accept her.

"Eventually I shall become Lord Rowallan and in the event of my marrying April—and I hope and pray I do—she will become Lady Rowallan. All I can dare hope is that all will go well."

But latest news is that April, having changed her sex, has now changed her mind about marrying Corbett—a woman's prerogative.

MEANWHILE BACK IN BOSNIA . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Jupi had three children all girls. They desperately wanted a boy. And when the

fourth child arrived they announced: "It's a boy." The baby was dressed in blue, and given the masculine name of Dalcus.

For 25 years Dalcus Jupi wore men's clothes and lived as a man. But in fact, Dalcus really was a girl. Now the story of why she posed as a boy has been told!

Her parents who lived in the backward village of Bosnia, in central Yugoslavia, feared that their house would be "damned" unless they could produce a boy.

When their second daughter was born their friends and neighbors avoided the house. When the third girl was born even their relatives stopped calling. So Mr. and Mrs. Jupi decided that whatever happened their next child would be a boy.

Little Dalcus lived a sheltered life. She was never allowed outside the house. But one day when she was eight, she escaped and played with the other children in the street. Her father was enraged. He took her home, gathered his family together, explained the secret, and threatened to kill anyone who revealed it. On his deathbed he called Dalcus and made her swear not to tell anyone she was a girl, at least while her mother lived.

Years went by, and in 1944, Dalcus, still wearing trousers, was called to serve Tito's forces. She marched and fought with the other soldiers. When the war ended she stayed in the army and became a cook. No one had discovered her secret!

But then Dalcus fell in love—with a fellow soldier named Aslan Aslani, who lived in the village next to hers. But she hid her feelings and kept her secret. One day she fell ill and after several days collapsed and was taken to the hospital unconscious. There her

secret was discovered, and when she woke she found herself in the women's ward surrounded by people waiting impatiently to hear how a man who had seen active service in the army could turn out to be a woman.

She explained, and was straightaway released from the army. Then she went home and told poor Aslan that she really was a girl and that she loved him. Dalcus has since changed her name to Fatima and married Aslan, but because of her oath to her father, she never told her mother who continued to believe the family secret safe until her death two years later.

LETTER FROM MUNICH

An American student in Germany has taken exception to the impression we gave that there is not as much freedom in that country as there is here in the U.S. He writes in part, "My experience in the current scene is that there is here much more personal freedom, although you may not recognize it as that. The thing is that the general public does not want to hear about homosexuality, or see it on the newsstands.

"Take the bars for example. There are over 11 gay bars in Munich and most have been operating for several years. Bars are not closed by the police or licenses revoked by state commissions just because of homosexual patronage. One delightful little bar is right around the corner from a police precinct station in the center of town. One time, at another bar, a policeman came in to check the I.D. of two very young-looking patrons he had seen through the window. As he passed a group of fellows one asked, 'Hey, officer, how about a kiss?' Would anyone dare to say that to a policeman in the States? [We should hope not]

"As to tearooms—there are no peepholes, no two-way mirrors, no expensive camera apparatus, no perverse vice-squad watching 'lovingly.' True, occasionally a plain-clothesman may enter a tearoom and one should not get caught in the act with the person next, but there is no entrapment. The police act only on definite complaints. One hears of trouble from time to time with the hustlers who hang around the RR station, but this doesn't effect the gay life of the city."

There is undoubtedly something to be said for just being left alone. But we in America also want the right to "win friends and influence people." Take your pick of freedoms, as it now stands.

ALIAS GUY BURGESS

Stephen Harper reporting from Moscow for London's **Sunday Express**, has made public that Guy Burgess of the "missing Macleans" fame now shares a comfortable home with a dark, handsome youth named Tolya. Harper went to Burgess' flat recently to learn the whereabouts of the elusive Englishman. He learned that Guy Burgess is on holiday in the Crimea but has instructed his roommate to tell callers: "If anyone asks, tell them I'm in Cuba."

It was just noon when Harper got to Burgess' flat on the third floor of an apartment building: "Tolya, who once worked in a pit in the Donetz Basin, was playing an accordion when I called He answered the door in bright blue pajamas with the jacket open While we talked at the black-leather upholstered door of the flat a piano tinkled inside. Tolya told me that his friend Jim Androvich—the name Burgess uses here—would not be back in Moscow before 'three weeks at the earliest.'

"Tolya said he had no address or phone number for Burgess in the Crimea. He explained: 'He is touring the Black Sea coast not staying in one place.'"

At Shannon airport extra police and security men stood guard as a Czechoslovakian airliner touched down. It was bound for Havana. There had been rumors that Burgess and Maclean were aboard. But the air stewardess smiled and said, "I am sorry, we have no British people aboard. Did you say Burgess and Maclean? Are they film stars?"

The British Foreign Office and Scotland Yard have been busy obtaining various warrants for the pair of diplomats ever since they skipped to Russia. They have more than once been reported to be returning to England. But they remain safe, and Burgess, at least, appears to be living comfortably.

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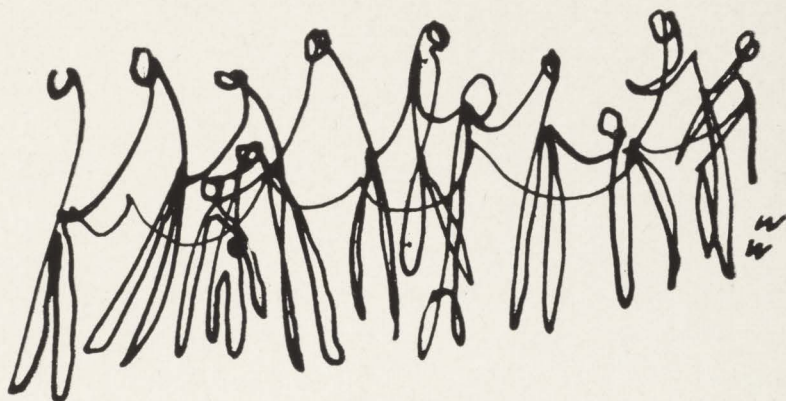
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julia p. stanley
on
homosexuals
anonymous



The idea of a "Homosexuals Anonymous" is preposterous in itself, but I was even more shocked to learn that some homosexuals are openly advocating the idea.

Any homosexual who would entertain the idea of "Homosexuals Anonymous," is not a true homosexual, is not capable of adjustment to gay life, and should therefore take himself or herself, to the nearest psychiatrist, post haste.

If a homosexually oriented person sincerely believes that gay life is a psychological trap, then I would most readily concur with the idea of seeing a psychiatrist. But this idea of "group therapy" is something to be practiced in a mental institution, away from the prying eyes of the world. If you are mentally ill, I most certainly would not advertise the fact, nor would I bother homosexuals who *are* socially well-adjusted individuals, with my mental problems. If you don't like gay life, then get out of it, because there is nothing that an adjusted homosexual can do to help you, and another, equally as maladjusted individual would only aggravate your condition.

All of us have problems. But the vast majority of homosexuals are sufficiently equipped emotionally and mentally to solve their own problems.

At first, I laughed at the mention of "group therapy," but when I

realized that the people advocating "Homosexuals Anonymous" were really serious about the whole thing, I ceased to think that it was so funny.

In some areas, the idea of an anonymous gathering is a valid idea. May I point out, however, that homosexuality is not an addiction as is alcohol. Neither is it a physical disorder like epilepsy. Again, it is not a mentally depressed state, as is the case with a mother who has had an idiot child. And here, I think is the crux of the entire argument.

Homosexuality *should not* cause an individual to become so mentally depressed that he allows himself to indulge in the luxury of self-pity. No homosexual has time for self-pity. We have lives to live, and people to love. Let's not waste precious time bemoaning our existence.

The individual who would consider an organization such as "Homosexuals Anonymous" can only be one of two things: 1) emotionally incapable of coping with the world of reality; or 2) mentally depraved. In either case, persons of this genre are not true homosexuals at all, and if a society is formed by people who cannot adjust themselves, may I here ask one thing of them: please don't call your organization "Homosexuals Anonymous." Call it "Incompetents Anonymous," because incompetents is exactly what you are. If you are

sincerely going to try to "help" yourselves, begin by being honest with yourselves. You couldn't adjust to "straight" life, now you can't adjust to "gay" life. It would seem logical to assume that the fault for your maladjustment lies within yourselves, not with either of the two ways of life.

The adage, "The grass is always greener on the other side," deserves consideration here. When you were straight, gay life looked pretty good, didn't it? No responsibilities, carefree living, wild abandonment. Then when you turned gay, you found out that a gay person does have responsibilities, possibly more than the average straight person. You decided that maybe straight life was better after all. Now, you've jumped so many fences from pasture to pasture, that you're lost. You don't know the way back to anywhere. You're miserable, I would be too, in your position. But I have no sympathy for you. No one made you jump those fences. Any sympathy is what you're looking for.

There is one reason, and one reason only, for a homosexual to ally himself with a group such as "Homosexuals Anonymous," and that is to gain sympathy from other self-pitying homosexuals, and from society. But that isn't what will happen. I can see it all now.

"I am unhappy as a homosexual, therefore I will join 'Homosexuals Anonymous,' so that I can help myself, and other poor, mistreated wretches to 'see the light.' Poor me, poor us."

That's exactly what society is waiting for you to do. Admit that you're miserable and lonely. (Which is no one's fault but your own.) Then they're going to say, "I told you so. See, isn't gay life a mess? Do you really want to change? Good, let us help you."

I'm sure that the Christian League of Women would be very interested

in hearing your tale of woe. Try it!

A group composed of, and called, "Homosexuals Anonymous" would be nothing less than a mockery and a farce. A homosexual who is not happy as a homosexual, *is not* a homosexual!

An "anonymous" group of homosexuals would eventually become one of two things, perhaps both: 1) A small sewing circle composed of the socially maladjusted, who would sit around all night feeling sorrier for themselves than they did when they started. This would only make the individual worse, and it would seriously handicap other homosexuals. It would undo all of the work done towards gaining society's acceptance of the adjusted homosexual. Society would stand back and point at this little farce and say, "We told you you were sick all along." They would be wholly justified in doing so. 2) The "anonymous" group would become an arena for "cruising." Everyone would convene at an appointed time, and something resembling a meeting would be held. Afterwards, coffee and donuts would be served, giving everyone an opportunity to mingle. Everyone picks a partner and goes home to bed. Lovely. This would do wonders, wouldn't it? Lots of maladjusted people going home together. In either case, the situation would only aggravate itself, and gradually become worse and worse.

But, if you're *really* serious about this "anonymous" group, go right ahead. Whatever you do *DON'T* call yourselves "Homosexuals Anonymous" because you aren't homosexuals. I am a homosexual, and I am happy. I like the life I lead. I'd be the first to point a deprecating finger in your direction, and say: "You're sick." I'd be the first to attend your meetings, (as an onlooker), then dash home and write a book about your "Poor Me Societies." I'd call the book, *On the Road Backward*.

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SOLUTION IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.

LATITUDES OF LOVE by Thomas Doremus, C. N. Potter, New York, 1961, 157 pp., \$2.95.

A *novella* rather oddly compounded of assorted echoes from Edith Wharton, Michael Arlen and Ronald Firbank, loved well if not entirely wisely, and somehow transposed into the period of New York and of Paris at the opening of World War II—one might be pardoned for finding himself more than a little puzzled at such incongruities.

Yet, as the reader follows the fortunes and follies of swishy little sixteen-year old Hector, his posings and his posturings, his forever enlistments of laboring-men friends with "close-cropped hair" lying sculptured on their heads, they innocently at home in his company and he "hopelessly persuaded by the perfection of their bodies, the mindlessness of their beauty," his utterly unscrupulous gold-digging and his thefts from wealthier friends, we suddenly come to see that Hector is nothing more than the forever *kinaidos*, of darkened eyelashes and exotic perfumes, one of the girl-boys who flocked to the games at Olympus to cluck delightedly at the naked athletes who today haunt the plushier exhibitions of abstract painting or the more esoterically brutal concerts of *musique concrète*.

And then, somehow, little Hector finds himself ensnared in love with the fatally ill Bill, forty years his senior

and so unlike him in temperament. Yet, as the steward who was helping put Bill to bed on shipboard after one of the fits of illness, "commiserated, looking down on him in wonder, 'There is so much of him, I suppose he suffers proportionately,'" for Bill, the climax of Hector's strong, silent men, in dying, became master of both Hector and himself.

Those who find the book overly mannered, something out of a literary tradition passed into legend even before the days of Dreiser, Cather and Dos Passos' earliest work, will miss the odd charm of this little fable of the love between an older man and an adolescent. Perhaps the author wisely couched his moral in terms such that no one would really believe him. If so, then call it a Gay children's book—for grown-up children who need to believe in worlds that never quite were, or could be.

W. L.

THE BIG LAUGH by John O'Hara, Random House, New York, 1962, 300 pages, \$4.95.

There is nothing tedious about this novel. Nor is it hard to read. It breezes past. Unhappily, it is a poor and slovenly book, and thus quite a surprise, coming from a writer of first-rate talent. Briefly, it is the story of the rise to fame as a motion picture star of one Hubert Ward, who we are often told is a heel, a scoundrel, immoral, amoral, and downright wicked. The difficulty is that O'Hara, for the most part, is content to say so, or to have peripheral characters say so, and seldom shows us his hero in the actual act of being a louse. Additionally there are a few decent people in the book. And those who might be thus construed one cannot help feeling the author treats with contempt.

There are two reasons for reviewing this book in ONE. The first is that

it may popularize the expression "double-gaited" for the bi-sexuals in our midst—since this is what our hero is alleged to be, mainly on the strength of a prep-school gang-bang involving a Cuban boy and a lot of junior grade experimenters. The second reason is that the character of Marty Ruskin, playwright-producer, invites our sympathy, despite his essential unloveableness, because he is a mixed-up homosexual, smitten, first, with Hubert Ward, who treats him badly, and then with a starlet, whom Ward casually takes away from him, and who, as a result, first fails to kill Ward, and then turns his gun on himself and the girl.

Had O'Hara concentrated on Marty Ruskin rather than on Ward, whom he really fails to depict, this book might have been as rewarding as anything O'Hara has ever written.

—James Colton

THE VIGIL OF EMMELINE GORE by Rudolph von Abele, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1962, 263 pages, \$4.00.

The late distinguished French man of letters, André Gide, was a self-acknowledged homosexual. In early youth he married his first cousin, Emmanuele, a girl of almost saintly qualities. In this novel, Rudolph von Abele has told the story of a marriage paralleling that one. He names his characters Andrew and Emmeline Gore. The setting is not France but New England. Andrew is a composer rather than a writer. There are other minor differences. But essentially this is a story Gide himself told several times, writing in a style renowned for its exquisite simplicity and clarity. What, then, is author von Abele's excuse for retelling it? Evidently to give us the wife's view. And this is a good idea. The trouble is that von Abele's style is windy and obscure.

Emmeline Gore is in her sixties and

dying of leukemia. Through endless pages of massive and intractable paragraphs she re-lives in recollection her entire life, seeking an understanding of it. By means of this somewhat creaky theatrical device we learn, with immense difficulty, really quite a simple story. At fifteen Andrew proposes marriage to his cousin, with the plea, "If you don't marry me, I'll never be able to be good." Aware of his rejection of God and Christ, she hopes by marrying him to redeem him, more or less accepting his estimation of her as a saint. She does not know, nor does she learn until after their marriage, that he is a homosexual, has, in fact, no knowledge that any such phenomenon exists. That Andrew makes no sexual advances to her she accepts with only the mildest surprise. And when she chances, during their Zurich honeymoon, to come upon Andrew in bed with an apprentice waiter in the hotel, she never reveals to him what she has seen, and forces the whole episode from her mind, refusing to accept it.

In like manner, she refuses to think about the reasons behind Andrew's dismissal from the music conservatory where he has been teaching, though she knows of his attachment to a certain male student. And later, when Andrew adopts the gifted thirteen-year-old son of an impoverished clergyman friend, she can only, for a long time, resent the boy without realizing why. Ultimately, and vaguely, she acknowledges to herself the nature of Andrew's relations with Anthony. And here we have a description of the boy:

He merely looked at her and smiled, but it was a sly and knowing smile, depraved, introspective, watchful; the smile of one who has come into possession of unspeakable sources of self-indulgence, the smile of one who has been damned . . .

Can Mr. von Abele be serious? Oh, yes. He appears to be attempting the Henry James manner in *The Turn of the Screw*. Unhappily, the passage reads like something out of Sax Rohmer. But then, the inadvertent comicality of such passages is only a minor flaw among a welter of major ones.

There is really little more to the story, though Mr. von Abele writes it all portentously. Andrew takes Anthony to Europe with him. And it is after this "desertion" that Emmeline burns all his letters to her—letters he later asserts contained "the best of me." When he returns from Europe it is without Anthony. And after learning about the letter-burning, Andrew cries out to Emmeline, in dialogue reminiscent of Godey's Ladies Book for 1862, that he has made a great sacrifice for her. She naturally assumes he means the giving up of his affair with Anthony.

Not at all. As it emerges, we are to be confronted in the last few pages of this novel with an immense irony—such as close followers of the contemporary academic novel have been led to expect in late years. It seems that when in Europe with Anthony, Andrew met and fell in love with a young woman, an art student. They

had an affair. A child resulted. It was this relationship Andrew sacrificed to return to Emmeline. Naturally, Emmeline is furiously jealous, in her dying moments, of the child (the mother has died). What is her true status, then? Saint, helpmeet, soul partner? None of these things. Merely a neglected wife, happy in this neglect so long as the husband's relations were the "depraved" ones of homosexuality, but miserable now that she knows he was capable of sexual relations with a woman and did not touch her because of her "saintliness."

An interesting story, yes, but flawed in the telling. Not because it is endlessly repetitive, not because events do not come in order, not because the sentences are elaborately convoluted, not even because the dialogue is stilted and old-fashioned. All of these things could be overlooked. What cannot be overlooked is that the book is dull to read. A bore. A chore. One thing is certain—to return to André Gide and to read the same story in his crystalline style is as gratifying as a cold shower on a hot summer afternoon.

—James Colton

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SOT-WEED FACTOR, by John Barth, Doubleday & Co.\$8.00
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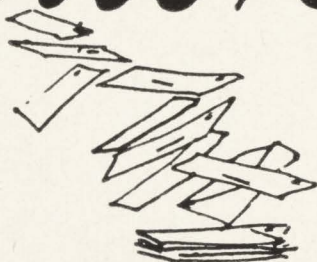
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Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

THE M.D. VIEWPOINT

Dear Sirs:

As both a non-homosexual and a (don't get angry) psychiatrist, I was most interested to see ONE Magazine on sale at newsstands in Philadelphia. I must say I was somewhat disappointed in it, with its subtitle, "The Homosexual Viewpoint." For, outside Editor Alison Hunter's comments, the entire Magazine seemed to echo Edmund Bergler's thesis that homosexuals are all "injustice collectors."

I could only surmise that your authors, at least, were somewhat hypocritical in their insistence that theirs is "a way of life," for their blaming their unhappiness upon a cruel and unjust society seemed very much to be only skin deep.

I might say that the only homosexuals I have come in contact with were all very unhappy with their "way of life," looked upon it as an illness, and wished to be "cured." But they did all come to me of their own free will, so it is a select group, and only one out of six did achieve a "cure."

Mr. B., M.D.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Dr. B.:

In reply to your letter, as you have noted, the Magazine is designed to represent "The Homosexual Viewpoint," which quite possibly may represent as wide a range and diversity as, shall we say—psychiatrists?

For instance, reader's views on Bergler characterize him all the way from being a rather pathetic leftover of the Vienna era, to a mercenary and opportunistic charlatan.

If you should wish to write something derived from your practice for publication in our periodicals I would add a note of warning: our readers would be merciless with such a statement as yours about unhappy homosexuals who wished to be "cured." Why should happy homosexuals, of whom there are many, consult a psychiatrist at all?

This, of course, is the fatal flaw in the case-history approach to the subject. Psychiatrists and psychologists seem, in far too many

cases, to have regressed into comfortable burrowings far distant from life in the round. We might even say that psychiatrists and psychologists as a group are uninformed about homosexuality and homosexuals, although well-informed concerning maladjusted, disturbed homosexuals.

W. Dorr Legg, Director
ONE Institute, Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:

I would be most interested in meeting professional people who are actively engaged with homosexual problems: lawyers, psychologists, psychiatrists, anthropologists, physiologists, biochemists, biologists, researchers, physicians, law enforcement officials and others.

One subject everyone is aware of who is homosexual is the pronounced promiscuity of homosexuals in the majority. What disturbance does this stem from? It is a must in any investigation, for it in itself ruins the life of a homosexual male: it repeatedly makes him an isolate; in the constant search for new partners it runs him afoul of the law too often—makes him an object of blackmail and the prey of the criminal; his homosexuality becomes known to the community thus often cutting off his social and economic life.

The problem is: Is promiscuity in the homosexual a misunderstanding due to an underlying cause or causes which can be removed? Or is it a symptom of a deeper lying disturbed psychologic disturbance?

What is now the situation in life of the homosexual in societies where homosexuality between consenting adults is legal, as in Sweden and other northern European countries? Such a situation has been in force there for a reasonable number of years and answers should be forthcoming.

Mr. K., M.D.
Imperial Valley, Calif.

HOMOSEXUALS AS A GROUP

Dear Sirs:

There is much emphasis upon the disunity between homosexuals. Of course we're not united. We've been discouraged by people, and foolishly we've taken their advice, but if we don't unite and give solid support to organizations such as ONE, then nothing will ever be accomplished.

Being Gay definitely should not be looked upon with any shame or embarrassment by the homosexual.

We ARE different from heterosexuals and should be proud of it, proud of the other men and women who share equally all the fear, loneliness and prejudice.

Frankly, the ones I utterly despise are those who find nothing good in the homosexual. Look at your friends—aren't they worth fighting for? We need union more than anything else. Our salvation is in union, so how dare

any of us desire freedom for himself only?

Some will laugh themselves sick when considering union between all homosexual men and women. Society, the entire earth, is changing, but what if society can only find hatred amongst us? We and all our pleas will be quickly and easily forgotten. But if society can find a deep, honest union between homosexuals then perhaps they will really consider us worthy of recognition. We must first accept all the other ones before any of us can achieve full and complete acceptance by society.

Let me say again and let's all say every day of our lives that we're not ashamed of being homosexual, and that we want to stay this way.

**Mr. C.
Seattle, Wash.**

Hi:

Most of us in our crowd, in the gay life that is, are "yellow." I must point out that there must be many more gay people in Los Angeles who are members or subscribers of ONE than the number who attend the Sunday lectures. I have been able to convince, only after assuring the safety of the venture, about ten dopes to come to a meeting. However, they can't seem to find time to go to more meetings.

When we have a chance to strike physically, we don't. When a friend of mine was arrested by a lone cop he could have but didn't poke him in the eyes, thereby blinding him permanently and making positive identification impossible, or at least difficult and therefore not positive. Needless to say the above is not recommended by lawyers, because we would get away and they couldn't make any money on the trial. However, I recommend it and I shall use it if the need arises.

I shall always talk ONE to everyone I should.

**Mr. B.
Los Angeles, Calif.**

Friends:

The season at Cherry Grove promises to be the best. We have completely weathered the storm, owing to the fact that the dunes have been reinforced year by year. The hotel, which was owned by a square who attracted the Straight hoodlums from the mainland was sold. The management is trying to regain much lost gay patronage. A dance floor and nightclub featuring gay acts and those popular with the gay crowd is being constructed. The Grove promises to be the only exclusively gay community in U.S. One landlord reports that he rents to married men with wives only when one or more of them is gay.

The bars in NYC are opening and closing so fast that most of the guys and gals fly to the Grove. Riis Park's gay section has been ordered "cleaned up."

**Mr. G.
Brooklyn, New York**

UNDER 21

Dear ONE:

After reading the letter from Mr. D., of Seattle (June, 1962) I have been thinking of the plight of men who prefer children as sexual partners. Mr. D. says, concerning a friend of this sort, "Needless to say, he ceased being my friend."

I will not mention here what I think of the qualifications on which Mr. D. forms his friendships, but I would like to ask why a man should be condemned for following his natural inclinations regarding sex. Is ONE's goal to abolish all intolerance toward sex "deviants," or is it to find an even smaller minority upon which to give vent to hatred?

**Miss S.
Pasadena, Calif.**

Dear Sirs:

In the letters column (June, 1962) Mr. S. serves to epitomize the plight of an oft-ignored (by the homophile organizations) group: homophiles under 21. The answer to this fellow's question about love will, of course, have to come from his own heart, but this is not true of all questions.

The young homophile, in realizing that his sexual orientation is different, is beset by many doubts that could reach neurotic proportions unless he has the opportunity to discuss his worries with someone who has both understanding and objective knowledge.

Few of these young persons can talk to psychiatrists (who are not anti-homosexual) and many do not even have access to the numerous scholarly books on homosexuality.

It seems that the homophile organizations could be of immeasurable assistance here in providing information. Yet these organizations regard those under 21 as "untouchables." What an arbitrary number is 21: mental and emotional maturity may come at 15, 20, 50—or not at all.

I'm sure that most, if not all, of your readers would be interested in knowing your reasons (legal and otherwise) for your apparent aversion to those under 21, because these young people are tomorrow's adults.

**Mr. W.
Los Angeles, Calif.**

Dear Mr. W.:

It has apparently never occurred to you that any boy or girl under 21 is completely under the authority of his parents. We are continually surprised at the fuzzy sentimentality which ignores this simple fact and wastes time bemoaning realities.

When parents themselves have brought their under-age boys or girls to ONE for guidance we have been pleased to receive them, not otherwise.

Letters Editor

Dear ONE:

Ignorance on sexual matters is appalling. Sexual education should be widespread, a

subject in high school. How can people be tolerant and understanding toward homosexuality when they know so little about heterosexuality?

Most homosexuals are sexually frustrated, unsatisfied, repressed. Women insist on keeping their children in the dark. They assume that their daughters and sons are absolutely virgins. They know they are fooling themselves, but they prefer to perpetuate this make-believe.

Ignorance is the thing women appreciate most in men, and as far as sex is concerned, women (mothers) try to keep their sons in complete ignorance. They are so selfish they prefer to expose their sons to venereal disease rather than accept sex education.

You at ONE are doing a noble job of educating the heterosexual public. Heterosexuals are at the present time unhappy and are cruel to homosexuals because they, the heterosexuals, are so unhappy themselves—and dominated by women!

Mr. I.
New York, N. Y.

READERS ON RELIGION

Dear Editor:

It was interesting to note the six letters under this heading (May, 1962). As a layman active in my local Protestant Church I was disturbed to read so much self-pity, plus ignorance of New Testament ethics. If each of them would read Rev. Robert W. Wood's, "Christ and the Homosexual" he would find answers to his questions and direction for life. Since the publication of this book about two years ago the religiously disturbed homosexual has had an intelligent and encouraging directive to his relationship with the Church.

Rev. Wood considers marriage by two of the same sex, he pioneers new thinking in the realm of morals, and gives concrete suggestions to the homosexual seeking meaningful Church associations. Let the homosexual study this book and he will discover many of his problems have been considered, followed by specific answers.

Mr. D.
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to give a few words of encouragement to some of my brothers and sisters in the Letters Column, if I might:

Never forsake God nor give up hope, for no matter how many times our friend or any friends may hurt us we have a Loving Father on high that loves and understands his children here on earth below.

While it is true that Church, along with Society, does condemn us who are gay, there are a few churches throughout this wonderful land of ours that leave the doors of the church open. It is also true that there are clergymen, priests, ministers and rabbis that

are gay and are capable to advise and counsel us in difficult times, for they understand the problem of the homosexual and (like myself) are willing and sympathetic to lend an ear. Hang on to what is good and never forsake the finer things of life that are to be had by those that desire them.

Father S.
Cedar Lake, Indiana

MISCELLANY

Dear ONE:

Another week, another dollar. I hope you don't decide to bill me for what you are worth to me; I couldn't afford it. Maybe some of us don't deserve what you are doing for us, but we who have any sense at all appreciate it and love you for it. I'm glad you found a good new home, you deserve the best.

Mr. F.
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Dear Friends:

Congratulations and many kind wishes on your new location. Special thanks for the article "The Invisible Society," by Carol Bradford (May, 1962). Within the last few months I have made the acquaintance of some of the most tremendous people I would ever want to meet—and they are all dykes. I retract all my narrow-minded statements which I have made in the past regarding our female counterparts.

Your last few issues have been tremendous. Sometimes a little disturbing, and at other times that long-awaited "shot in the arm." I am constantly overwhelmed by your handling of these delicate subjects so precious to all of us with such tact. All one has to do is to compare at any given moment the level of gay thought in any uninhibited gay situation or society and then compare the level of editorial expression of ONE, and one cannot help being proud of the tremendous efforts you are making.

Mr. A.
Burlington, Vermont

Dear Editor:

After two weeks I feel that I know the city pretty well but I have been somewhat disappointed with the life in Tokyo. It is certainly fascinating in many respects, but I have yet to find the sort of adventures described in the issue (November, 1960) you had on Japan.

Mr. B.
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Fellows:

The issue (June, 1962) was excellent throughout. I found the article on "Coming Out" most enjoyable. I couldn't help but reflect that whether it occurred to us soon or (as with myself) late, with joy or with pain, it was a process we would not want to reverse even if we could.

Mr. H.
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Mattachine Society Inc.

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693 Mission Street
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TENTATIVE PROGRAM (Subject to final confirmation)

NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Saturday, August 25th, 1962—JACK TAR HOTEL
Van Ness at Geary, San Francisco

9:30 a.m.—El Dorado Room

Registration

Address of Welcome and Report of the President, Mattachine Society.

11:30 a.m.

Address: Dr. Edgar C. Cumings, Associate Director, American Social Health Association, San Francisco: "Progress in Venereal Disease Control."

12:15 noon—El Dorado Room

LUNCHEON

Featured Address: "Changing Religious Attitudes Toward Homosexuality," Rev. Robert W. Wood, Spring Valley, New York, Congregational Minister and Author, **Christ and the Homosexual**.

2:00 p.m.—El Dorado Room

"A Decade of Progress in the Homophile Movement."

Research: Evelyn Hooker, Ph.D., University of Calif. at Los Angeles.

Law: Al Bendich, Attorney and Lecturer in Speech, University of California, Berkeley.

Armed Forces and Government Employment: Richard Schlagel, Researcher American University, Washington, D. C.

DISCUSSION AND SUMMARY

6:00 p.m.—COCKTAILS

7:30 p.m.—Telegraph Hill Room

NINTH ANNUAL AWARDS BANQUET

Featured Address: "Changing Attitudes Towards Homosexuality," Karl M. Bowman, M.D., Director Emeritus, Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute, University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco.

Fee for full day's activities will be \$13.00 per person.

THE BASILIAN FRIARS . . . a religious society of 'worker-clerics' of the (non-papal) Catholic Church . . . invites inquiries from any man who feels he has a religious vocation.

Our concern is not what you have been . . . what you are now . . . but what you can be as a Basilian priest or cleric-brother . . . devoting your talents and energies toward your own sanctification—and that of others—through works of charity . . . through teaching . . . through preaching . . . through nursing . . . and a thousand other ways pleasing to the soul.

Write in trust for our booklet and other information:

The Superior General
Holy Apostle's Rectory
3449—17th Street, N.W.
Washington 10, D. C.